

PASTOR OFFICIATES AT BOXING MATCHES

The Rev. Herbert Shipman
Helps to Open Marshall Still-
man Club in Harlem.

PLAN TO SAVE YOUNG MEN

Branches of Organization to
Be Formed in Various
Parts of the City.

The Rev. Herbert Shipman, pastor of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in Fifth avenue above Forty-fifth street, acted last night as master of ceremonies at the opening reception of the Harlem branch of the Marshall Stillman athletic club for young men in its clubhouse at 183 West 125th street.

The chief features of what a large gathering of men and women agreed was a "regular but blooded evening" were six three round boxing bouts, some of which were filled with much "pep."

The Rev. Mr. Shipman, in an official capacity, presided over the opening of the "Marshall Stillman plan" to establish a chain of these clubs in congested centers for the purpose of bringing young men under the influence of healthy athletic activities. These activities, the promoters declare, will tend to the betterment of body, mind and ideal. The clubs are designed primarily for those young men who are in danger of being led into lives of idleness and crime, and are to be a counter attraction for the saloon, the poolroom, the corner lot and the other places that make for the destruction rather than the upbuilding of body and mind.

And it was apparent from all that was said and all that was done at the Harlem branch reception last night that the promoters of the Marshall Stillman idea have come to the base rock conclusion that the main part of boxing, when properly managed, is a spiritualizing and not by any means a brutalizing force.

Preacher-Announcer Cheered.
The Rev. Mr. Shipman appeared in the uniform he wore as senior chaplain of the First Army, American Expeditionary Forces. He was loudly cheered, and as a master of ceremonies he was all business.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he would announce, "the next in a three round bout between — and —" and the boys promptly went at it.

Bennie Leonard refereed the first two bouts and Manny Seaman, his trainer, the remainder.

The bouts were between Eddie Nugent and Albert Schoenfeld, Clay Turner and Jack London, Chick Kenny and Kid Levine, Battling Reddy and Victor Ritchie, Johnny Harvey and Danny Field and Benny Valgar and Danny Carroll.

Bennie Leonard, as referee, injected some fun in the bout between Clay Turner and Jack London at a moment when it was assuming rather lively proportions. He slipped on a pair of boxing gloves and took a couple of wallops at the Indian, precipitating a big laugh and less action between the boxers.

The program started off with mass singing led by Robert Lawrence, Y. M. C. A. song leader in the navy. The singing began with "America" and wound up with the "Star Spangled Banner." Everybody, including the clergyman and the boxers, sang with much vigor. Lewis E. Hiller of Cornell University gave a first class exhibition of magic art and Alpheus Geer, physical director of Squadron A, talked about the new enterprise.

Incorporators of the Club.
The Marshall Stillman Athletic Club has been incorporated as a charitable organization by Stuyvesant Wainwright, Winthrop Cowdin, H. R. Mallinson, Walter Winston Price and Alpheus Geer, "Marshall Stillman" being Mr. Geer's pen name.

The big thought in the financial part of the enterprise is this: If a kind of young man the promoters of the plan are anxious to reach cannot afford to pay \$4 a month—the fee for all the club privileges, including boxing lessons, use of gymnasium, bath, lessons in hygiene, etc.—it is up to some well to do man who wishes to perform a service worth while to tie down and give a boy—or a big batch of boys—a chance. "Marshall Stillman," according to the man who brought "Marshall Stillman" into being, is "the ideal young man, he who tries to lead a decent, red blooded life; minds his own business, serves humanity and loves good."

This same "Marshall Stillman," as personified in a string of athletic clubs, with boxing as one of its chief attractions, proposes to reach out the hand of fellowship to the young man who has slipped, the young man who is in danger of joining the forces of the underworld unless a better way is shown to him, and in fact all kinds of young men, good, bad and indifferent. He prefers, however, to get hold of the fellow who knows how it feels "to be kicked when he's down," and give him a chance to hold up his head with the proudest of men.

Welcome: No Questions Asked.
"Any boy that joins a Marshall Stillman athletic club will be welcomed and asked no questions," Mr. Geer said last night. "If he has been in prison it will make no difference to us. If he falls down again and goes back, that is his own business. He knows that if he breaks the laws he will have to suffer. But if he does go back to prison we will still be with him and propose to be his friend."

"As I see it, God is no distinguisher of persons and certainly we are no better than God. We wish to help all kinds of young men. We wish them to mind their own business and we will mind our own business. We can be better than by helping to make them sound in body and mind. The rest is easy."

"We believe that boxing can be made a spiritualizing force. We have seen what it has done for the boys in the American Army at home and overseas. Boxing has made a mighty appeal, as it makes for a clean, virile body and a clean, active brain. Boxing and other athletic activities, such as we are proposing, will keep a young man out of the saloon and will keep him from smoking cigarettes and doing other things that will harm his body. He will want to go to bed early instead of standing around with the corner loafers. He will get the more sane idea of life and will take care of his body. He will be proud of his muscles, of his ability to handle himself, and he will know the real joy of leading a clean life."

"I take it that this is something worth working for. If the boys can't pay their way in the clubs it will be our business to go downtown and find some body who is willing to finance them. Instead of a boy knocking somebody down and taking his money away, that boy is going to give up his old ways, join one of our clubs and we will undertake to 'hold up' one of his old ways for the sake of that boy."

"We have been assured that our plan is practicable and many have become enthusiastic over its possibilities. We believe there is a large place for the Marshall Stillman athletic clubs. We are not going to teach religion. Religion is a man's own affair. But we do be-

lieve that service to one another is the coin of the realm, not only on earth but in the kingdom of heaven. As a man renders service so he reflects the essential part of his Master."

Frank Lord of the Parole Commission has assured Mr. Geer that he can find 300 young men who would like to join a Marshall Stillman club. James J. Ryan, probation officer, is equally anxious for the success of the enterprise.

Justice Frederic Kernochan is much interested in the plan and is one of the honorary members. Others on the list include Robert Appleton, John Vernon Bouvier, Jr., Gen. Oliver B. Bridgman, Robert H. Davis, Justice Vernon M. Davis, F. S. Deland, Judge H. A. Gilchrist, Edwin Gould, Charles Dana Gibson, Harmon S. Graves, Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, E. Irving Hanson, Adrian H. Larkin, Laurence McGuire, James M. Motley, W. H. Page, Gen. Charles F. Roe, Elihu Root, Jr., the Rev. Herbert Shipman, the Rev. Dr. W. L. Sullivan, James T. Terry, Stuyvesant Wainwright, Guy Ward, Major Alfred West, Gen. George W. Wingeat, Alpheus Geer, H. R. Mallinson and Edward Nugent, of whom the last three named are the founders.

The clubhouse of the Harlem branch is on the third floor of 162 West 125th street. It was opened about ten days ago. It is equipped with what is said to be the fastest ring in the city. The ring was built under the direction of Prof. Daniel Hickey, boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club.

Bennie Leonard is training in the clubhouse for his meeting with Willie Ritchie in Newark to-morrow night. Others in training there are Ted Kid Lewis, formerly a welterweight champion; John Dundee, Willie Meehan, Benny Valgar, Johnny Harvey, Kid Cowan, Jimmy Kane, Jimmy Duffy, Ty Murray, Joe Murray, Joe Daly, Brooklyn Battling Nelson, Paul Doyle, Bobby North, Freddie Reese, Victor Ritchie, Battling Samson and Frank Lipsey.

There are now 150 lockers in the clubhouse, but the way boys are joining is accepted as an indication that more will have to go in in a hurry. Plans are under way for extending the activities of the Harlem branch. Handball courts have been projected for the roof.

Boxing matches are to be conducted. The proceeds will be devoted toward the upkeep of the club and its boys.

The establishment of other branches is contemplated for the near future.

ASTOR CALLS U-117 GERMANY'S FINEST

Says Foe 'Petted' Submarines,
Using Best Materials De-
spite Scarcity.

RETURNS TO HIS DESK

Visited Germany After Armis-
tice and Found It Sick
of War.

Lieut. Vincent Astor sat at his desk in the office of the Astor Estate yesterday for the first time since he became an Ensign in the Naval Reserve soon after the United States became a belligerent. He passed several hours there gaining a new grasp on the affairs of his great properties after almost two years at sea.

Lieut. Astor returned to this country on the U-117, the last word in German minelaying submarines. Its commander on the voyage was Lieutenant Commander Aquilla G. Dittell. It will be used in the Liberty Loan campaign.

Lieut. Astor's secretary boarded the U-117 yesterday. He had difficulty in negotiating a slippery gangplank. Before he reached the top Lieut. Astor appeared on deck and shouted:

"Hello, Dobbey, old man! What are you going to do? Enlist? God, but I am glad to see you again."

Lieut. Astor showed a real glow of pride in his ship. The voyage to this side, despite rough weather that caused a fleet of five submarines that had been awarded to the United States in the partition of the German navy to become separated, was a pleasant one. Officers and men were a congenial group and their accommodations were as

adequate as could have been found on any submarine.

"It is remarkable to notice the way in which the Germans petted their submarines," said Lieut. Astor. "If you look at the top of its periscopes and such things as the clothes hangers below you will find nothing but the best of brass. The U-117 is a remarkable craft. She is the best of the whole German flotilla. She has her own mine layer. I have never seen a better underwater boat. There was not a sign of breakdown anywhere, although we had plenty of bad weather."

"This captured boat should be a welcome sight to Americans. It raised havoc off Hampton Roads during the war. It was our good fortune to bring it here for the Liberty Loan drive, though I feel that such stimulants are not needed to insure the success of the campaign."

Lieut. Astor was in Germany after the signing of the armistice. He said there is no foundation for reports that the German people are in a position to renew the war if the peace terms rouse the national feeling to the fighting point.

"The Germans have had all they want of war," he said. "I had an opportunity to see a good deal of the German people. They were not enclaved and there was no conspicuous lack of food. But they are sick of war. That was plain to the most casual observer. On top of this, their navy is completely gone and they haven't the tools to fight with if they wished to."

Lieut. Astor praised the spirit of the navy. The men with whom he made his last voyage, for he is to return to private life, were ready enough to praise him.

"He is a real sailor," said one of the crew, "and what's more he is a real watch officer. He knows the game and does his work as if he didn't have a nickel. I was with him on his four hours on and eight off and I know him."

Haywood Gets \$15,000 Bonds.
CHICAGO, April 26.—Bonds of \$15,000 for the release of William D. Haywood, general secretary and organizer of the I. W. O., serving a sentence in Leavenworth prison for violation of the espionage law, were signed here today by William Brown Lloyd, a millionaire socialist. Haywood will be released next week pending disposition of his appeal.

Leonid Andreiev

The famous Russian writer, says in his
"Appeal to Humanity"
printed in
"STRUGGLING RUSSIA"
of April 26th

"One must, indeed, be insane not to understand the palpable and simple acts of Bolshevism! One must be sightless, stark-blind, or have eyes that see not, to fail to observe on the face of great, mutilated Russia murder without end, ruins, miles of cemeteries, dungeons and insane asylums; not to perceive what hunger and terror have done to Petrograd and, alas, to many other cities!"

One must be earless, stone-deaf, or have ears that hear not, to remain callous to the sobs, the sighs and the wailing of the women, the heartrending cries of the children, the death-rattle of strangled men, the crackling of the assassins' rifles, the only music that has filled the air of Russia for the last eighteen months!

One must, indeed, be a savage, become morally crippled like the Bolsheviki, to have eyes, a mind and a will and at the same time to remain indifferent to the inhuman conduct of the Bolsheviki and to call it anything else but crime, homicide, perversion and piracy.

One must be completely devoid of every human sentiment and be equipped with the morality of an idiot to be able to say calmly at the sight of a scoundrel violating a woman or of an unnatural mother torturing her child, that that is 'their personal affair,' and not to interfere under the pretext that such acts, no matter by whom committed, may pass under the banner of 'Socialism' or 'Communism.'

These words are sacred to mankind, and they have a power to charm men's souls. But when vicious buffoons style a band of ignorant and base hired Chinese cutthroats 'the vanguard of Chinese revolutionary democracy,' one must have a soul dead beyond hope of resurrection to be caught in such a shameless and miserable trap. Shameless, indeed, for the employment of yellow mercenaries to butcher Europeans is not recorded in the annals of any of the most despicable tyrannies of Europe.

How painful to think that all Europe has for over a year watched with open eyes the spectacle of these exotic beasts tearing our hearts to shreds, and has not yet determined whether this is a 'vanguard of democracy' or a 'vanguard of devils' released from Hell in order to destroy our ill-starred Earth. They have looked on and yet they sent that invitation to the Princes' Islands!

"The Allied invitation to meet the Bolsheviki at Prinkipo was either madness or treachery towards Russia, differing from Judas's treachery only by its immensity."

If it was not Judas's treachery—perhaps it was Pilate's washing his hands when Russia comes to her cross. Was it worth while to start the great game with so much thunder and wind up with the faint treble of a Pilate? Why was it necessary to defend the neutrality of Belgium, to rise in defence of Serbia, to rouse millions of men, to pour out oceans of blood, to threaten Germany with a terrible reckoning for her inhumanities, to weep over Louvain and the Lusitania, to call upon Heaven as witness and to pay homage for five years to the God of Mankind, and then finish up with a washing bowl?

The world waited for the victory of the Allies as for the ringing of Easter chimes, as for the resurrection of the dead. The very dead awaited it—the dead, whose lives

were the price of victory. Men had faith that the victory of these noble gentlemen would bring the reign of justice on earth, that the new world to be built would be a real world to live in and not the beginning of new tortments, killings, arson and the extermination of the defenceless. And when the bells of victory did finally ring over the blood-stained Earth, oh, how many unfortunate humans sighted the dawn of hope and happiness! How earthen-black and fear-twisted grew the faces of the assassins at the sight of the rising order!

Those were days of the fairy tale. Worn-out and sombre Petrograd put on a smile and put her faith in the English as in the Almighty. It was a strange and happy dream, a dream that is dreamed only by martyrs. Every gunshot that roused us, we were certain came from English cannon, and we all rushed to the Neva to watch the 'English fleet that came in the night.' The assassins trembled with fear. It seemed as if a scarecrow in the image of an Englishman would have sufficed to start the whole brood of these Cains in a panicky flight.

You are firm in accusing, with amusing relentlessness, the old, miserable and wretched Wilhelm. You are intent upon trying him for the sins of his people, while at the same time you stretch out your hands towards those robust mankillers, monsters and mongrels still bathing in the blood of the innocents. The Assassin feels now that his shoulder is being patted, that he is being encouraged. He thinks no more of flight. He is laughing in derision of you."

"To you, men of Europe and America, in whose nobility I still believe to-day as I believed yesterday, am I directing my appeal!

As a wireless operator on a sinking vessel in the thick blackness of the night sends out his last appeal, 'Help, quick, we are sinking, save us!' so I, moved by my faith in the goodness of man, am sending out into distance and darkness my prayer for my people who are sinking.

If you only knew how dark is the night around us, if my words could only convey its density and depth! Whom am I calling? I know not. Does the wireless operator know who may intercept his call? For thousands of miles around the ocean may be deserted and not a living soul may overhear his appeal.

The night is dark. The sea is frightful. But the operator has not lost faith, and he calls persistently, to the very last minute, until the last light is gone and his apparatus is silenced forever.

What does he trust in? He trusts in humanity, and so do I. He trusts in the law of human love and life. It is impossible that one human being will deny help to another in his hour of perdition. It is impossible that one human being will abandon another to perish without attempting to help. It is impossible that such an appeal for help will not receive any response!"

"Not for the Russian people do I pray for help. To save the Russian people is too great a problem, and God alone is the master of its life and death."

In these sorrowful days when the scorn and laughter of fools is the lot of great and trampled-in-the-dust Russia, I bear with pride my Russian name and firmly believe

in the future and glory of Russia. Such giants like Russia cannot perish! Whether the Allied Governments come to Russia's aid or she is left alone to free herself from the putrid swamps, it matters not. In the destined hour Russia will rise from her grave, will come out into the path of light and will take up her place among the great nations of the earth. That which frightens us poor mortals, whose life is but a fleeting moment, is but a single heartbeat in the life of a great and immortal people.

No, not help for Russia do I ask of you, man, whom I so eagerly await. I think of the thousands who have only one brief life—eternity's briefest moment—and who are dying now in unbearable sufferings, or live a life worse than death itself. It is immaterial what names they bear, Russian or other, but it is all-important at this hour that they are human beings, tormented without a ray of light, as if within the very gates of Hell, from where there is no return and where the forces of evil and terror reign unchecked over all. Their sufferings may yet be alleviated and their necks may yet be freed from the claws of death. For their salvation I beseech mankind.

Friend! I do not even attempt to tell you how frightful life is in Russia at present, in our tormented Petrograd. Others have told enough and new words cannot be coined by the human tongue. It is frightful when children starve and perish and assassins are well-fed and Trotsky is pouring down his throat the last bottle of milk. It is frightful when the cemeteries of Petrograd have no more room for the dead, and the murderers have a free road not only to the Princes' Islands, but to all the ends of the world, and the wealth they have stolen will enable them to live in balmy lands and in the most attractive corners of our mercenary globe."

"I appeal to you, Frenchman, Englishman and American, I appeal to all of you, individually. I appeal to you, Americans, who yearn that the torch of your liberty should cast light on Europe. Come to us! Look and you will cry out with horror, and curse those deceivers who brought tyranny to the freedom-craving Russian people."

And you, Italian, Swede and Hindu, all, all who may hear my call. There are men with hearts among all of you, and to these, to all of them, I direct my appeal. For the hour has come when the inhabitants of the whole world must battle not for land, riches or power, but for Man and his victory over the Beast.

All that is taking place in Russia to-day and that which has started and may continue in Germany, going further and further, is not revolution. It is chaos and darkness, called forth by the war from the blackest human caves and armed by the war for the destruction of the world.

Let the tired rest. Let the weak-kneed warm themselves in their snug corners; let him who can sleep in this terrible night; but you, the strong, the vigilant, whose hearts are brave, come to the help of those who are perishing in Russia.

My last appeal is to you, writers of all nations! Support my prayer for those who perish. I appeal to those of you who write with their blood and nerves! Help us! Don't you understand the danger confronting mankind? Help Russia! Act immediately!"

This is a part of Leonid Andreiev's appeal—an appeal which must thrill the heart of every man and woman throughout the world. Read it in full in "Struggling Russia," of April 26, 1919.

We want the Bolsheviki to read it, and we want the parlor-Bolsheviki to read it. The latter will probably understand the crime they are committing in going about and speaking of the regime of murder in Russia as a "new and higher form of democracy."

And, above all, we want every honorable American to read it. The Russian problem at this

moment is the central World Problem. The struggle between the Russian democracy and the Bolshevik tyranny is a struggle between the forces of humanity on one hand, and the forces of murder and destruction on the other.

Read "Struggling Russia" if you are interested in the Russian situation. Read "Struggling Russia" if you are interested in Bolshevism and its nature and want to know how to combat this dark power. Read "Struggling Russia" if you are interested in the future of the World, because the fate of Russia will define the future.

The first five issues of the magazine contain articles by Catherine Breshkovsky, Nicholas Tchakovsky, Alexander Keren-sky, Paul Miliukov, C. N. Oberoucheff, Leonid Andreiev, Vladimir Bourtzey and others. The issue of April 26th, besides the "Appeal to Humanity," by Leonid Andreiev, contains the following articles: "How to Help Russia," by Catherine Breshkovsky; "The Victorious March of the Anti-Bolsheviki Armies," by A. J. Sack; "Mir, Zemstvo and Soviet," by M. K. Ershkin; "The Recent Past of Russia's Industry," by J. A. Gavrilov; Cables from the Russian Telegraphic Agency at Omsk. Russian Documents: 1. The City of the dead (Petrograd under the Bolshevik rule); 2. Have the Socialists-Revolutionists united with the Bolsheviki? 3. Declaration of the Russian Political Conference in Paris with regard to the problem of nationalities in Russia; 4. The Voluntary Army in Southern Russia (an address by Gen. A. I. Denikine).

Do not fail to read "STRUGGLING RUSSIA." The Russian problem is the central World Problem of today.

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